

THE INDEPENDENT.

PLYMOUTH, INDIANA.

PENGUIN BABIES QUEER.

They Cause Their Parents No End of Trouble.

You will notice that the penguin baby is very fat and looks as if he might be extremely good for eating, but if you could see father and mother penguin just now you would find them uncommonly thin. The care of the baby has so worn upon their minds, and the trouble of finding enough fish for three to eat, that all superfluous flesh for the time has vanished.

Baby penguin has a curious nest. The mother tucks the egg away softly and safely among her warm feathers and even moves slowly and with great gravity over the cliffs, carrying the egg. While father penguin goes fishing. Mother penguin looks as fat during this time as the baby does now, but when the egg is hatched she goes fishing too, and soon grows as thin as father penguin himself. You notice the funny little wings, just beginning to start on baby's shoulders. Well, mother and father penguin have longer ones, but they are still more like fins than wings. Nearly all the time is spent in the water and fins are more useful to them than wings; when on land these little half wings are used as legs, and the birds are often mistaken for quadrupeds as they run over the ground. They do not seem to be troubled with insomnia. When asleep they can be kicked several feet and never even wake up.

There is a variety called the jackass penguin, from its habit of throwing back its head and making a loud, strange noise that sounds like the braying of that animal. The king penguins have regular towns, where every inch of ground is measured off in squares for nests. The young birds are arranged in a certain locality, the molting birds in another, and the clean birds quite apart from all these. So strictly are they all divided that if a molting bird should accidentally stray near the clean birds it would be instantly put out.

In the Falkland Islands and in Patagonia these birds abound. They are also very numerous in certain islands of the Southern Pacific Ocean. On some of them 30,000 or 40,000 are constantly landing or going to sea.—Young Idea.

How Two Thieves Were Caught.

In August last a thief entered the house of Mr. E. W. Kemble, New Rochelle, N. Y., took a large amount of silverware, and made his escape without awakening any one. Doubtless he felicitated himself upon having made a "good haul." But he reckoned without his host. Mr. Kemble is an artist, and by means of his professional skill, applied in a manner which no reader is likely to anticipate, the burglar was discovered and brought to justice.

When Mr. Kemble rose the next morning, he noticed the print of a bare foot on the piazza, and on going through the house found that it had been robbed. Forthwith he made a careful sketch of the burglar's footprint. Copies of the picture were sent to all the police stations in the county and in New York City, together with a description of the stolen property.

A man named Bannan was by and by caught trying to pawn the silverware in a New York pawnshop, and was arrested. He denied all knowledge of the burglary, and told some plausible story about the manner in which the silver had come into his possession; but when the police took off his shoe and stocking, and compared his foot with the drawing of the robber's footprint, the case was clear, and the man confessed. Two months after the burglary he was sentenced to Sing Sing prison for fourteen years.

This was not the first time that Mr. Kemble's pencil had served the ends of justice. Two years ago his sleeping-room was entered by a burglar, who at the point of a revolver obliged the artist to give up a gold watch and a roll of bills.

When the villain had gone, Mr. Kemble drew a portrait of him from memory, and as a result he was soon captured. He, too, is in Sing Sing, and hereafter burglars are likely to "fight shy" of Mr. Kemble's dwelling.

A Fine Remitted.

Hear both sides before rendering a verdict. Such is the lesson of a pleasant story related by the Washington Star concerning a former police justice of that city. The late Judge Snell was fond of croquet, and when not busy with his official duties was often found, with mallet in hand, engaged in his favorite game. One morning a boy was brought before him, charged with playing ball in the street. The policeman who had made the arrest swore that he had caught the boy in the act.

"Fine the boy \$5," said the Judge. "This ball playing on the street must be stopped."

The boy's father was present, and suggested to the Judge that he would like to question the policeman a little before the fine was imposed, so Judge Snell ordered the policeman into the witness box again. After a little close questioning, the officer finally admitted that the boys were playing ball in a vacant lot, and this boy had knocked the ball out into the street.

"Make that fine \$2, Mr. Clerk," said Judge Snell; "the case is not quite so bad as I thought it was."

"But, your Honor," said the boy's father, "not long ago up on 12th street, I saw a game of croquet in which a high court official was engaged, and I saw that official spitefully knock his opponent's ball clear across the street, and—"

"Take off that other \$2, Mr. Clerk; I don't believe this boy was doing wrong."

after all." And the Judge lay back in his chair and laughed heartily as he remembered what a whack he gave his opponent's ball in the game referred to.

Encounter in a Tree-Top.

Ignorance and a desire to please his employer got a German farm-hand in New York State into serious difficulty not long ago, according to a dispatch to the New York Sun. His name is Herman Ozzero. He has been only a short time in America, so that his ignorance of American animals is nothing to his discredit, though it turned out so great a disadvantage. He was in the corn-field, at work by himself, when he heard a noise in a maple-tree overhead, and looking up, descried what he thought was the most beautiful striped cat he had ever seen.

It must belong to his employer, Ozzero thought. No doubt it had strayed away from the house. He would catch it, and so do his new master a favor.

So thinking, he took off his shoes and started up the tree. Half-way up he stopped and turned his eyes upward. There sat the animal, its strange, pretty eyes fastened upon him. He noticed that its tail was beating the limb with a quick, nervous motion, but somehow he attached no particular importance to that circumstance.

Finally, after much labor, Ozzero reached a large branch from which he could reach the cat, and fixing himself in a good position, he stretched out his hand. But he drew it back in a hurry, terribly lacerated by the creature's sharp teeth.

Now the man began to feel frightened. The animal's eyes were like balls of fire. It was no pet, but a savage beast well able to defend itself, to say the least.

Still Ozzero did not wish to back out, and making ready, he struck the beast a terrific blow in the face with his fist. The next instant the infuriated creature was upon him, and in a few seconds, which seemed to him an age, almost every stitch of clothing was torn from his body by the long, sharp claws of his antagonist.

Ozzero was growing weak, but he kept on pounding the beast, and finally a lucky blow between the eyes knocked it loose, and it fell to the ground.

How the man himself got down he does not know. Some hours afterward he was found lying unconscious under the tree. In the doctor's office, the dispatch says, he "looked as if he had been run through a thrashing machine."

The coon, which was killed shortly after, weighed almost sixty pounds.

Beaver Families.

Ties of kindred seem to have little force among animals, wild or domestic, after the young are capable of looking out for themselves, but beavers are said to be an exception to the rule. With them the family instinct remains throughout life. A lady who lived in Colorado more than twenty years ago, at a time when all the streams in the mountains were full of beavers, gives her observations on this very point.

Two families of beavers took possession of the Fountain Creek, close to Manitou, and in a fortnight had felled most of the largest trees. These were cottonwoods, some of them two feet in thickness. We were watching the beavers with pride and delight as one of the ornaments of the valley. When the upper dam was finished, its makers came down and helped those at the lower one, who were slower at their work. The two companies must have been cousins, I suppose, for unless they are kinsfolk, beavers never help one another.

Serious Occasion.

The undertaker in a New England town was requested, not long ago, to send to the house of one of the summer residents a small coffin in which the children of the family were to bury a pet cat.

The light pine box was given to a darky boy, employed by the undertaker, to carry to its destination. He took it carefully under his arm, and walked slowly down the village street, with a sense of the importance of the occasion plainly to be seen on his small black face. On his way he had to pass a group of children, one of whom called out to him:

"Say, 'Gustus, what are you carrying under your arm?'"

"Don't interrupt me, chillun," said the youthful Augustus, turning a reproachful gaze on the speaker and his companions; "don't you see I's a funeral?"

Slight Mistake.

Ethel had formed the very unbecoming habit of saying "I'm" when she did not quite understand, and her aunt had been teaching her to say "Beg pardon" instead.

The following day she was overheard talking with some of her little playmates.

"My auntie says you mustn't say 'I'm,'" she explained. "You must say 'Taking powder.'"—Youth's Companion.

Chinese Burglars.

The Chinese burglar takes an ingredient of his own, burns it and blows the smoke through the keyhole of the bedroom where the master of the house is asleep. The fumes dull the senses of the victim just enough to make him helpless, while at the same time permitting him to see and hear everything that goes on in the room. The only antidote against this charm is pure water.

An Angling Fish.

The angler fish angles for his prey. From the upper part of his head project two long tentacles, with fleshy extremities, which wave about in the water and attract small fish, that, approaching and attempting to seize the small bait, are themselves captured by the angler.

When a man and wife talk to each other, have you ever noticed the serious expressions on their faces?

HOW TO TAKE A CITY.

ABIMELECH A RASCAL, BUT KNEW HOW TO FIGHT.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Shows How God Sometimes Drives a Straight Nail with a Poor Hammer—The Besieged City of Shechem.

The Lesson.

In his sermon for Sunday Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his subject "The Power of Example." The text selected was Judges ix, 48: "And Abimelech took an ax in his hand and cut down a bough from the trees and took it and laid it on his shoulder and said unto the people that were with him, What ye have seen me do make haste and do as I have done. And all the people likewise cut down every man his bough."

Abimelech is a name malodorous in Bible history and yet full of profitable suggestion. Buoys are black and uncomely, but they tell where the rocks are. The snake's rattle is hideous, but it gives timely warning. From the piazza of my summer home, night by night, I saw a light-house fifteen miles away, not placed there for adornment, but to tell mariners to stand off from that dangerous point. So all the iron-bound coast of moral danger is marked with Saul and Herod and Rehoboam and Jezebel and Abimelech. These bad people are mentioned in the Bible not only as warnings, but because there were sometimes flashes of good conduct in their lives worthy of imitation. God sometimes drives a very straight nail with a very poor hammer.

Taking a City.

The city of Shechem had to be taken and Abimelech and his men were to do it. I see the dust rolling up from their excited march. I hear the shouting of the captains and the yell of the besiegers.

The swords clack sharply on the parrying shields, and the vociferation of two armies in death grapple is horrible to hear. The battle goes on all day, and as the sun is setting Abimelech and his army cry, "Surrender!" to the heroic foe, and, unable longer to resist, the city of Shechem falls, and there are pools of blood and dismembered limbs, and glazed eyes, looking up begging for mercy that war never shows, and dying soldiers, with their head on the lap of mother or wife or sister, who have come out for the last offices of kindness and affection, and a groan rolls across the city, stopping not, because there is no spot for it to rest, so full is the place of other groans. A city wounded! A city dying! A city dead! Wait for Shechem, all ye who know the horrors of a sacked town.

As I look over the city I can find only one building standing, and that is the temple of the god Berith. Some soldiers outside of the city in a tower, finding that they can no longer defend Shechem, now begin to look out for their own personal safety, and they fly to this temple of Berith. They go within the door, shut it, and they say, "Now we are safe. Abimelech has taken the whole city, but he cannot take this temple of Berith. Here we shall be under the protection of the gods." O Berith, the god, do your best now for these refugees! If you have eyes, pity them; if you have hands, help them; if you have thunderbolts, strike for them. But how shall Abimelech and his army take this temple of Berith and the men that are there fortified? Will they do it with sword? Nay! Will they do it with spear? Nay! With battering ram, rolled up by hundred armed strength, crashing against the walls? Nay! Abimelech marches his men to a wood in Zalmon. With his ax he hews off a limb of a tree and puts that limb upon his own shoulder, and then he says to his men, "You do the same."

They are obedient to their commander. There is a struggle as to who shall have axes. The whole wood is full of bending boughs, and the cracking, and the hacking, and the cutting, until every one of the host has a limb of a tree cut down, and not only that, but has put it on his shoulder just as Abimelech showed him how. Are these men all armed with the tree branch? The reply comes, "All armed!" And they march on. Oh, what a strange army, with that strange equipment! They come up to the foot of the temple at Berith, and Abimelech takes his limb of a tree and throws it down, and the first platoon of soldiers come up, and they throw down their branches, and the second platoon, and the third, until all around about the temple of Berith there is a pile of tree branches. The Shechemites look out from the window of the temple upon what seems to them childish play on the part of their enemies. But soon the flints are struck, and the spark begins to kindle the brush, and the flame comes up all through the pile, and the red elements leap to the emment, and the woodwork begins to blaze, and one arm of flame is thrown up on the right side of the temple, and another arm of flame is thrown up on the left side of the temple, until they clasp their lurid palms under the wild night sky, and the cry of "Fire!" within and "Fire!" without announces the terror, and the strangulation, and the doom of the Shechemites, and the complete overthrow of the temple of the god Berith. Then there went up a shout, long and loud, from the stout lungs and swartly chests of Abimelech and his men as they stood amid the ashes and the dust crying, "Victory, victory!"

The Tactics Used.

Now I learn first from this subject the folly of depending upon any one form of tactics in anything we have to do for this world or for God. Look over the weaponry of olden times—javelins, battleaxes, habergeons—and show me a single weapon with which Abimelech and his men could have gained such complete triumph. It is no easy thing to take a temple thus armed. I have seen a house where, during Revolutionary times, a man and his wife kept back a whole regiment hour after hour because they were inside the house and the assaulting soldiers were outside the house. Yet here Abimelech and his army come up, they surround this temple, and they capture it without the loss of a single man on the part of Abimelech, although I suppose some of the old Israelitish heroes told Abimelech, "You are only going up there to be cut to pieces." Yet you are willing to testify to-day that by no other mode—certainly not by ordinary modes—could that temple so easily, so thoroughly, have been taken. Fathers and mothers, brethren and sisters in Jesus Christ, what the church most wants to learn this day is that any plan is right, is lawful, is best, which helps to overthrow the temple of sin and capture this world for God. We are very apt to stick to the old modes of attack. We put on the old style coat of mail. We come up with the

sharp, keen, glittering steel spear of argument, expecting in that way to take the castle, but they have 1,000 spears where we have 10. And so the castle of sin stands. Oh, my friends, we will never capture this world for God by any kind of ratiocination, by any glittering lance of rhetoric, by any sapping and mining of profound disquisition, by any gunpowder explosions of indignation, by sharpshooters of wit, by howitzers of mental strength made to swing shell five miles, by cavalry horses gorgeously caparisoned pawing the air. In vain all the attempts on the part of these ecclesiastical foot soldiers, light horsemen and grenadiers.

My friends, I propose a different style of tactics. Let each one go to the forest of God's promise and invitation and hew down a branch and put it on his shoulder, and let us all come around these obstinate iniquities, and then, with this pile kindled by the fires of a holy zeal and the flames of a consecrated life, we will burn them out. What steel cannot do fire may. And I announce myself in favor of any plan of religious attack, however radical, however odd, however unpopular, however hostile to all the conventionalities of church and state. If one style of prayer does not do the work, let us try another style. If the church music of to-day does not get the victory, then let us make the assault with a backwoods chorus. If a prayer meeting at half past 7 in the evening does not succeed, let us have one as early in the morning as when the angel found wrestling Jacob too much for him. If a sermon with the three authorized heads does not do the work, then let us have a sermon with twenty heads, or no heads at all.

Gospel Truths.

We want more heart in our song, more heart in our almsgiving, more heart in our prayers, more heart in our preaching. Oh, for less of Abimelech's sword and more of Abimelech's conflagration! I had often heard.

There is a fountain filled with blood, sung artistically by four birds perched on their Sunday roost in the gallery until I thought of Jenny Lind and Nilsson and Santag, and all the other warblers, but there came not one tear to my eye, nor one master emotion to my heart. But one night I went down to the African Methodist meeting house in Philadelphia, and at the close of the service a black woman in the middle of the audience began to sing that hymn, and all the audience joined in, and we floated some three or four miles nearer heaven than I have ever been since. I saw with my own eyes that "fountain filled with blood"—red, agonizing, sacrificial, redemptive—and I heard the crimson plash of the wave as we all went down under it.

For sinners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

Oh, my friends, the gospel is not a syllogism; it is not casuistry; it is not logic; it is the science of snailshells! It is blood red fact; it is warm hearted invitation; it is leaping, bounding, flying good news; it is effulgent with all light; it is resplendent with all sunny glow; it is asubrescent with all sweet shade. I have seen the sun rise on Mount Washington, and from the Tiptop House, but there was no beauty in that compared with the dawning from on high when Christ gives light to a soul. I have heard Parnep sing, but there was no music in that compared with the voice of Christ when he said, "Thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." Good news! Let every one cut down a branch of this tree of life and wave it. Let all the way from Mount Zalmon to Shechem be filled with the tossing joy. Good news! This bonfire of the gospel shall consume the last temple of sin and will illumine the sky with apocalyptic joy, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Any new plan that makes a man quit his sin and that prostrates a wrong I am as much in favor of as though all the doctors, and the bishops, and the archbishops, and the synods, and the academical gowmsmen of Christianity sanctioned it. The temple of Berith must come down, and I do not care how it comes.

Power of Example.

Still further, I learn from this subject the power of example. If Abimelech had sat down on the grass and told his men to go and get the boughs and go out to the battle, they would never have gone at all, or if they had, it would have been without any spirit or effective result, but when Abimelech goes with his own ax and hews down a branch, and with Abimelech's arm puts it on Abimelech's shoulder, and marches on, then, my text says, all the people did the same. How natural that was! What made Garibaldi and Stonewall Jackson the most magnetic commanders of this century? They always rode ahead. Oh, the overwhelming power of example! Here is a father on the wrong road. All his boys go on the wrong road. There is a father who enlists for Christ. His children enlist. I saw in some of the picture galleries of Europe that before many of the great works of the masters—the old masters—there would be sometimes four or five artists taking copies of the pictures. These copies they were going to carry with them, perhaps to distant lands, and I have thought that your life and character are a masterpiece, and it is being copied, and long after you are gone it will bloom or blast in the homes of those who knew you, and be a Gorgon or a Madonna. Look out what you say. Look out what you do. Eternity will hear the echo. The best sermon ever preached is a holy life. The best music ever chanted is a consistent walk. If you want others to serve God, serve him yourself. If you want others to shoulder their duty, shoulder yours. Where Abimelech goes his troops go. Oh, start out for heaven to-day, and your family will come after you, and your business associates will come after you, and your social friends will join you. With one branch of the tree of life for a baton, marshal just as many as you can gather. Oh, the infinite, the omnipotent power of a good or bad example!

Concerted Action.

Still further, I learn from this subject the advantage of concerted action. If Abimelech had merely gone out with a tree branch, the work would not have been accomplished, or if ten, twenty or thirty men had gone, but when all the axes are lifted, and all the sharp edges fall, and all these men carry each his tree branch down and throw it about the temple, the victory is gained—the temple falls. My friends, where there is one man in the church of God at this day shouldering his whole duty there are a great many who never lift an ax or swing a bough. It seems to me as if there were ten dragons in every hole in one busy bee, as though there were twenty sailors sound asleep in the ship's hammocks to four men on the stormy deck. It seems as if there were

50,000 men belonging to the reserve corps, and only 1,000 active combatants. Oh, we all want our boats to get over to the golden sands, but the most of us are seated either in the prow or in the stern, wrapped in our striped shawl, holding a big handled sunshade, while others are battered in the heat and poll until the oars look groan and the blades lead till they snarl! Oh, you religious sleepheads, wake up! You have lain so long in one place that the ants and caterpillars have begun to crawl over you! What do you know, my brother, about a living gospel made to storm the world? Now, my idea of a Christian is a man on fire with zeal for God, and if your pulse ordinarily beats sixty times a minute when you think of other themes and talk about other themes, if your pulse does not go up to seventy-five or eighty when you come to talk about Christ and heaven, it is because you do not know the one and have a poor chance of getting to the other.

Which Side Are You On?

Suppose in military circles on the morning of battle the roll is called, and out of a thousand men only a hundred men in the regiment answered. What excitement there would be in the camp! What would the colonel say? What high talking there would be among the captains, and majors and the adjutants! Suppose word came to headquarters that these delinquents excused themselves on the ground that they had overslept themselves, or the morning was damp and they were afraid of getting their feet wet, or that they were busy cooking rations. My friends, this is the morning of the day of God Abimelech's battle! Do you not see the troops? Hear ye not all the trumpets of heaven and all the drums of hell? Which side are you on? If you are on the right side, to what cavalry troop, to what artillery service, to what dragoon duty do you belong? In other words, in what Sabbath school do you teach? In what prayer meeting do you exhort? To what penitentiary do you declare eternal liberty? To what almshouse do you announce the riches of heaven? What broken bone of sorrow have you ever set? Are you doing nothing? Is it possible that a man or woman sworn to be a follower of Jesus Christ is doing nothing? Then hide the horrible secret from the angels. If you are doing nothing, do not let the world find it out, lest they charge your religion with being a false face. Do not let your cowardice and treason be heard among the martyrs about the throne, lest they forget the sanctity of the place and denounce your betrayal of that cause for which they agonized and died.

May the eternal God rouse us all to action! As for myself, I feel I would be ashamed to die now and enter heaven until I have accomplished something more decisive for the Lord that brought me. Oh, brethren, how swiftly the time goes by! It seems to me as if the years had gained some new power of locomotion—a kind of speed electric.

One Safe Refuge.

Still further, I learn from this subject the danger of false refuges. As soon as these Shechemites got into the temple they thought they were safe. They said: "Berith will take care of us. Abimelech may batter down everything else. He cannot batter down this temple where we are now hid." But very soon they heard the timbers cracking, and they were smothered with smoke, and they miserably died. I suppose every person in this audience this morning is stepping into some kind of refuge. Here you step in the tower of good works. You say, "I shall be safe in this refuge." The battlements are adorned, the steps are varnished, on the wall are pictures of all the suffering you have alleviated, and all the schools you have established, and all the fine things you have ever done. Up in that tower you feel you are safe. But hear you not the tramp of your unparadised sins all around the tower? They each have a match. You are kindling the combustible material. You feel the heat and the suffocation. Oh, may you leap in time, the gospel declaring, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified!"

"Well," you say, "I have been driven out of that tower. Where shall I go? Step into this tower of indifference. You say, 'If this tower is attacked, it will be a great while before it is taken.' You feel at ease. But there is an Abimelech with ruthless assault coming on. Death and his forces are gathering around, and they demand that you surrender everything, and they clamor for your overthrow, and they throw their skeleton arms in the window, and with their iron fists they beat against the door, and while you are trying to keep them out you see the torches of judgment kindling, and every forest is a torch, and every mountain a torch, and every sea a torch, and while the Alps and Pyrenees and Himalayas turn into a live coal, blown redder and redder by the whirlwind breath of a God omnipotent, what will become of your refuge of lies?"

"But," says some one, "you are engaged in a very mean business, driving us from tower to tower."

Oh, no! I want to tell you of a Gibraltar that never has been and never will be taken, of a wall that no satanic assault can scale, of a bulwark that the judgment earthquakes cannot budge. The Bible refers to it when it says, "In God is thy refuge, and underneath thee are the everlasting arms." Oh, fling yourself into it! Tread down unceremoniously everything that intercepts you. Wedge your way there. There are enough bounds of death and peril after you to make you hurry. Many a man has perished just outside the tower, with his foot on the step, with his hand on the latch. Oh, get inside! Not one surplus second have you to spare. Quick, quick, quick!

"Yes! The Die is Cast," has a romantic history. It was written by Col. Paul Pestel, of the Russian army, who, with others, conspired against the Russian Government in 1826. The plot was discovered, he was arrested, imprisoned, tried, and on July 11, 1826, was hanged. During the interval between his trial and execution, he composed the words and music of this song and with a bit of iron scratched them on the wall of his cell, where the song was found some years after his death.

The League of Argos, formed B. C. 421, was a combination of Argos, Corinth, Elea, Mantinea and Chalcidice against Athens. It was designed to curb the power of the Athenians, but its purpose was frustrated shortly after by the unexpected incident of Athens joining the league.

About the most dangerous deception is self-deception.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

Sidney Earle Reminiscent—Styles and Specialties for Spring. Special correspondence.

New York, Jan. 25.—The new season opens admirably. For twenty-five years I have canvassed the styles and specialties of two continents, yet I never saw so many excellent and healthful novelties to lighten labor and improve taste. I never saw so many creative interests being stirred at one time, or so many excellent specialties to the fore as there are just now. A Madison Square mantua-maker, who is the highest authority in London, Paris and New York, thinks the present preference for Louis Seize styles will inaugurate a reign of crinoline. Heaven knows almost any method of relieving women of the present weighty draperies which, despite the perfect Redfern ripple, will flap about the feet and sweep the streets of unwary microbes would be gratefully welcomed. All things considered, the hoop will be a health factor, and the firm who makes one of featherweight braided wire to take from spine and stomach the friction of fashionable skirts, while gracefully preserving the contour of the figure, can soon count upon building his castle and retiring from active labor, for there's millions in it.

In Mr. Redfern's method of finishing fashionable skirts, velvet has entirely superseded broad; and an ornate panel revered in at the left side is the latest innovation. The manufacturers of a new velvet binding have struck the keynote of universal requirement. It is of this grade and comes in all shades to match the most capriciously tinted fabrics.

It is so neat and stylish, so easy to apply, and unwarms a skirt made even from the strongest fabric, and the half-inch hem facing is just the thing to prevent contraction which might occur in putting on the stiffened piping cord and secure the graceful rounding up for which the new velvet binding is celebrated. The best retailers in every American town and city sell N. V. B., and it is recommended by ladies' tailors and dressmakers at every compass-point. However, should any one of my lady readers need to be reassured from this great center, care to secure a pretty little silver-plated pin tray, let her drop a line to the Karsheed Manufacturing Co., of New York, among the merchant from whom she purchased her N. V. B., or the dealer who had not yet added it to his stock, and she will receive further data concerning the N. V. B. and the pretty little souvenir which I use for my charcoal tablets. Murray's are the best, and they are put up and sold to all druggists by A. J. Ditman, No. 2 Barclay street, New York.

Plaid stockings for golfing, cycling and tennis have long been in brilliant evidence, but plaid stockings for home, visiting and street toilets are among imported hosiery for spring at Lord & Taylor's.

Ladies who have tried them are in ecstasies over Ball's peerless dress stays, which have an over and under spring, and adjust themselves to the figure with glove-like precision. Being double, they render the seams true and smooth as in a tailor-made bodice. These stays are strong and durable as well as attractive. A set of one dozen, costing twenty cents at retail, will do duty for several dresses, always retaining their primitive shape and freshness. In short, though they endure long, they never "make old bones," and a garment so stiffened retains its symmetry long after the first gloss has worn from the face of the fabric.

Having secured the best stays for the much bedrappered modern bodies, the next consideration is a corset which will keep its shape under the friction of constant wear. The R. & G. does. The makers of this perfect stay lead the lines in American corsets and are rapidly displacing foreign brands in the oldest mercantile houses.

There is always "room at the top," and in the face of many rival soaps, ladies and physicians who have tested its merits from every standpoint accord the palm of preference to Sanador. This latest claimant for commercial honors is made only of the purest ingredients. It stimulates skin glands to healthy action, prevents impure secretions, thoroughly cleanses the skin and scalp and recoups the depleted cuticle for the waste entailed by frequent bathing. Besides being antiseptic, it is an over-ready remedial for all the disgusting blemishes that feminine flesh is heir to. What more can be said, except that I will gladly send a sample to my readers who, having proven its merits as I have, can then order direct from the S-A-N-A-D-O-R Medical Company, 10 Vandewater street, New York.

That reminds me to mention borax, which, as a personal cleanser and purifier, is of the greatest importance. Mrs. Eliza R. Parker, of Kentucky, the well-known writer upon household topics, recommends it for the toilet as well as for the household and laundry, and Mrs. Parker knows exactly what she is talking about when she heads the list of practical aids to labor with borax. By the way, if any lady reader of this paper wants a good cook book I can send her one which, as a guide to many wholesome and excellent food preparations has no equal.

I will likewise send samples of the new cotton dress goods which are "fine as silk," if stamp be inclosed to pay return postage.

To mothers of boys and girls and babies I will say that Best & Co.'s beautiful book of styles for spring is just out. Four cents in stamps sent to me or the firm will secure it to any lady in this country or Canada.

SIDNEY EARLE, 300 West One Hundred and Fourteenth street, New York.

Silent Cab Call.

One of the latest inventions in connection with the electric light is a silent cab call. Several clubs and hotels in London have already been supplied with this useful commodity. Two lamps are suspended outside the building, one red and the other green, and by pressing a knob in the entrance hall one or the other of the lamps can be lit at will. The red light calls a four-wheeler, and the green a hansom.

It is impossible for any one who has not seen it to imagine the extraordinary popularity enjoyed in Paris by the bicycle. It has usurped the interest taken in horse racing, and seems likely to oust the horse itself as a means of fashionable locomotion.

In Nebraska farms average 100 acres, in Massachusetts \$6. But in proverbially thrifty Holland the average is 30 acres. Seventeen-twentieths of all the farms in Holland are less than 50 acres in extent.